I Want It So Bad by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Steve and Jonathan have been sneaking around.

I Want It So Bad

Author's Note:

> Hey friends, this is very soft. I love my soft Steve and soft Jonathan. Jonathan is a good boy.
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Jonathan is shy in bed. Which Steve understands. Steve… played Jonathan for months. He'd sneak into the developing room, the bathroom when Jonathan was in there. He'd hang around the bleachers where he knew Jonathan smoked sometimes to catch a break. He'd flirt with Jonathan, touch him. That led to kissing him. Making out with him until he got hard and then shoving Jonathan away, threatening to kill him if he told anyone.

He wasn't expecting Jonathan to lift his shirt up one day in the photography lab, even though it was dark, he'd seen the bruises, and his kisses turned sweeter, slower, he touched Steve softer and sweeter. He didn't push Jonathan away when he coaxed Steve's hard, and big dick out of his pants and stokes it softly. He strokes Steve to a soft, sweet orgasm, and when Steve tries to return the favor, Jonathan just shakes his head with a smile,

"You got me next time."

Steve walks around with a condom and a packet of lube in his pocket for a week before they get another moment alone together. He finds Jonathan under the bleachers, smoking a cigarette and as much as he wants to fuck, he's not sure if he's prepared to do it in the muddy grass. Jonathan surprises him,

"My mom's at work and Will's at Mike's."

Steve doesn't say anything. Jonathan drives him to his house in his raggedy car and they listen to The Clash and nothing is said. Jonathan offers him water or soda when they get to his house but Steve shakes his head and says no. He doesn't know why he's nervous. Well he does.

Jonathan shows him his bedroom and Steve looks around. Jonathan's pretty cool. When he turns around Jonathan is sitting on the bed, looking at Steve concerned,

"You know we don't have to do anything, right?"

Steve nods, hair moving with him,

"I know, I know," he says, even though he didn't, " I just,"

Jonathan stands up, wraps his arms around Steve's waist like they belong there,

"What's wrong?"

Jonathan swallows hard. It's not like he would tell anyone. And if he did no one would believe him.

"I bottom," he says, voice shaking.

Jonathan looks down at him,

"Okay," he kisses Steve softly, "Okay. Did you want to have sex babe?"

Steve nods, and Jonathan reaches to pull his top off. Steve stares. He has a nice chest. He unbuttoned his jeans and pushes them and his boxers down. He seems so confident. Steve shrugs his shirt off, then his jeans and boxers. Crosses his arms over his chest. Jonathan isn't a big talker so he just pulls Steve into his arms and kisses him until he calms down a bit. His hands stroke over Steve's chest gently, so gently. They stand there, just kissing for awhile, until they get hard,

"Can you get on the bed for me babe?" he asks softly.

Steve crawls on the bed on all fours, back tense. Jonathan massages it,

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, I am, I want it, I'm sorry."

“Okay babe,” says Jonathan softly.

He keeps massaging Steve’s back and then moves down to Steve’s ass, cupping and squeezing. Steve jumps a bit but then realizes this is a natural progression. He lurches forward when he feels Jonathan’s tongue on his hole. It’s the last thing he would have expected and he chokes on his tongue.

“Is that, okay? I figured it would calm you down,” says Jonathan, “Maybe get you ready?”

Steve nods into the pillows,

“Yeah, it feels, really good.”

Jonathan goes back to licking around his rim, suckling on it and working his hole open, so he can slide his tongue into it. If Jonathan fucks like his tongue does, everything will be over so quick. Steve can already feel himself spiraling. Then Jonathan’s pushing in a long, wet finger, straight for his prostate and he groans,

“Please, John, please,” he never begs, never says his name when they’re like this and Jonathan groans, licking around his finger and using his other hand to wrap around Steve’s dick. It’s tight and slow just like Steve likes it and Jonathan kisses his neck and then Steve comes all over his hand.

He collapses onto the bed and rolls to his side, just in time to see Jonathan stroke his own dick with his come covered hand. His hips fuck into his hand and Steve moans, he wants that, so bad, he does, and he has enough sense to reach for Jonathan’s dick too. Jonathan lets go of himself so Steve can stroke, and though it’s sloppy, Steve’s come drunk. Jonathan comes quickly, because they’re both seventeen and that’s what seventeen year olds no, and Jonathan pulls Steve to his chest despite the drying come between them because that’s what Jonathan does, and Steve bites his tongue to keep quiet so he doesn’t ruin things because that’s what he does, and Jonathan kisses his head, and Steve buries his deeper into Jonathan’s bed and tries to go to sleep.